CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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ORIGINAL SERMON.

By T. J. Sawyer.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God.
Deuteronomy vi, 13.

It is a question of much practical importance, what are we to understand by "the fear of the Lord?" It is practically important, because to fear him is a duty very frequently and unequivocally enjoined upon us in the Holy Scriptures. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God is strictly commanded in our text.

The Psalmist assures us that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and in Job we read, "the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." That this fear then is exceedingly valuable cannot be doubted, for wisdom is beyond controversy the "principal thing." The prophet Isaiah plainly intimates the preciousness of the fear of the Lord, when he speaks of it as a "treasure." And Solomon tells us, that "by the fear of the Lord are riches, honor and life"—that it "prolongeth days"—and is "the instruction of wisdom."

In short the fear of the Lord is uniformly spoken of by the sacred penmen as an important duty, and vastly beneficial to man. It is represented as "a fountain of life to depart from the snares of death;" and one exclaims, "Oh how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee." "The angel of the Lord encamps about them and to them there is no want. His salvation is nigh them, for as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pities those that fear him."

Indeed the utmost security and the highest blessings seem to be in reserve for those, who truly fear the Lord. Can it be improper, then, to spend a few minutes in learning its character, contemplating its operations, and admiring its effects.

Theological writers of every sect speak of two kinds of fear whether in relation to man or God; *viz. filial* and *slavish* fear. This division is broadly and permanently founded in nature. The character of these two kinds of fear is essentially unlike. The line of separation is obvious to every mind.

The fear of the Lord which was so pointedly enjoined in our text upon the Israelites, and which is equally applicable to us, is then either *filial* or *slavish*. Which is it? Let us in the first place hear these terms defined.

"Filial fear," says Mr. Buck (Theological Dictionary,) "is that of a son to his father." "There is a *servile fear* which they possess, who obey God from fear of punishment and not from love."

Mr. Wood in his Dictionary of the Bible observes, "Men's fear of God is either *filial* or *slavish*. Slavish fear is a dread of danger and punishment, arising from an inward sense of guilt. So Felix trembled when he heard Paul preach."

Now if these definitions are correct, and there is no one who can dispute them, let us ask whether this slavish fear of the Lord is what is enjoined in our text? Is this the kind of fear our God requires of us? Is it such as our heavenly Father would demand of his earthly children? If it is, let us practice it ourselves and impress it on others—but if it is not, let us avoid it as dangerous.

We answer then unhesitatingly that this slavish fear is not the fear of the Lord which we are required to feel and exercise, and we give this decided reply for several reasons which to ourselves are perfectly satisfactory and may perhaps be so to others.

1st. We are taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," or in still more direct language, "the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." Now if this slavish fear of the Lord is wisdom, it is manifest that he who is the greatest *slave*—he who trembles most before the Lord from fear of punishment or dread of misery, is possessed of most wisdom—is most heavenly minded. If so, those convicted sinners (of whom we often hear,) who feel themselves suspended by a single hair over the abyss of an eternal and burning hell, and who dread with unutterable fear and agony they shall soon be launched into it, are infinitely better christians than even the apostles of our blessed Lord. For they had no such awful apprehensions, indeed they could say "we *know* if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." They felt that they had an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away reserved for them on high, and to it they were looking, not with alarming, slavish fears, but with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is unnecessary to observe that these unwavering hopes —this high certainty of future felicity is totally incompatible with a slavish fear of eternal wo. But strange as it may seem if this slavish fear is the genuine fear of God, those unhappy beings who thus apprehend eternal torments, those beings so richly deserving our commiseration, are by the religious world never allowed the name of Christians, but only that of *convicted sinners*, and are called christians only when this slavish fear is wholly removed, and they are rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. But farther; if this slavish fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom it should be forever increasing instead of dying away, and the christian, as he becomes more and more the child of God, should more and more fear the torments of hell. The contrary is however the fact. The better the christian the less he dreads. But farther still; if this slavish fear is the source of homage to God, the highest angel in heaven must be the greatest slave in the universe, and is constantly exercised with the most awful dread of endless misery.

2d. All slavish fear is attended with pain. It is impossible to dread without suffering. He then who fears the most is the most miserable, and the angels round the throne of God, if slavish fear is his homage, are the most unhappy beings in existence.

3d. St. John tells us "there is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." We have before remarked, that this slavish fear is attended with pain. Here we have the authority of the beloved apostle John that *fear hath torment*. We also have his authority that this slavish fear is totally incompatible with love. "Perfect love casteth out fear and he that feareth is not made perfect in love." Now "*love* is the fulfilling of the law. Because love worketh no ill to his neighbor." "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, viz. Thou shalt *love* thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." But our text says also "Thou shalt *fear* the Lord thy God." Now since slavish *fear* hath torment, and perfect *love* casteth out *fear*, we know that slavish fear is not the fear of the Lord. If it is, then he who is made perfect in love is the greatest sinner on earth, for he feels none of this fear which hath torment; and he who suffers most from a dread of misery is the greatest saint in heaven. On this principle, the devils who "believe and tremble" have high claims to the character of purest and most obedient angels, and must be regarded as the only spiritual worshippers of the Most High.

4th. We are taught, that God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Now if the service which God demands of us is this slavish fear and obedience, it will be impossible for men to worship him, either in spirit or in truth—In spirit, because our very souls would revolt at the homage we should pay—In truth, because there can be no truth in the abominably hypocritical service we should perform. We might profess to worship God, but we should only go a round of senseless ceremonies dictated by nothing but dread of punishment, in which solemn mockery the heart cannot and will not engage. Hence we should not worship at all; as will appear:

5th. From the fact that the first duty God requires, and one without which no other can be properly performed, is to love the Lord with all the heart, that is, with perfect love. But perfect love casteth out fear. If by the fear of the Lord then, we are to understand this slavish fear, it is evident that we must either cease to love or fear him. Because it is impossible to love God perfectly and still to fear him in this slavish manner.

6th. The scriptures assure us that "the fear of the Lord is to hate evil." Now this servile fear implies nothing like *hating evil*, but simply a dread of punishment. One may dread detection and punishment and still love to sin. The murderer may fear the bar of justice and the scaffold, while he inwardly exults in the death of his victim. Hence this fear of punishment or dread of misery is not the genuine fear of the Lord, which is to hate evil, and implies the love of virtue.

These several reasons I think satisfactory, that slavish fear is not what was intended in our text, "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God."

A question naturally arises here which deserves a moment's attention. Is this servile fear of the Lord a virtue or a vice—is it beneficial or injurious to him who suffers it?

As it is not required by God, we cannot expect it very highly meritorious. It is not a *virtue*, and therefore cannot be acceptable to God. In this opinion I am sustained by our Limitarian friends generally. Mr. Wood, in his Dictionary of the Bible before quoted, says, "This slavish fear of God's wrath, though not good of itself, is often by the Holy Ghost made useful towards the conviction and deliverance of souls." Here it is said plainly that this fear is not *good*, and if it is not *good* the great probability is that it is *bad*. "But it is often," we are told, "made useful by the Holy Ghost towards the conversion and deliverance of souls." It is the high prerogative

of God to educe good from evil. And that this slavish fear of himself, will be overruled by his wisdom and power to advance ultimate good, I most fully believe. So will every evil existing among men. "What then, shall we do evil that good may come? God forbid."

I wish my present remarks to have a bearing on the important subject of modern revivals. It is well known to all acquainted with these delirious excitements, that it is a principal object of their fomentors to address the fears, and awake the most alarming apprehensions, of future and eternal misery. It is however acknowledged, that this unhappy state of mind is in itself not good, but it may be made useful by the Holy Ghost in the conversion and deliverance of souls. I have before remarked that if this fear is not good it is in all probability bad. And there are the best reasons for believing it among the grossest offences against the Deity. Is it nothing to distrust his goodness—to doubt his parental character and feelings? Is it nothing to suppose him possessed of attributes that would disgrace human nature, fallen and depraved as it may be? Is it nothing to imagine and believe him capable of pursuing a course of conduct towards his children of which the fiend-like disposition of the prince of darkness might justly be proud? Is all this nothing? Let a father answer. Let a teacher of your children instil into their young minds such opinions of your character and conduct as are the every day inculcations in the religious world relative to God—let you see yourself feared as a tyrant by those who ought to love you as a father—let you feel yourself looked upon even by your own children as a being to be shunned, if not detested. After all your labors of human kindness and parental love let you be feared and hated by the very objects of your undying affection, and what I would ask could be your feelings. How would you regard the teacher of your children?

And yet this is the process of revivals, falsely so called. The miserable subjects of such excitements are made to fear endless torments—made to sin most directly and most heinously against God. Because it is good? No, but because the Holy Ghost educes good from evil, and "often makes it useful towards the conversion and deliverance of souls." When will men learn that it is basely wrong to do *evil* that *good* may come? When will the ministers of Jesus Christ learn of their Master, that the best way to lead men to love God, is to represent Him as worthy of their love?

I shall be asked, Are there no good results from the fear of punishment? Is the love of God the only principle upon which men can properly act? And if it is, why are we always threatened with punishment in case of disobedience? I answer—the love of God seems plainly to be the only proper motive of human obedience. I speak of man in the eye of his Maker, or even indeed, of his fellow. The obedience resulting merely from a fear of punishment, which we pay to any law, is in all respects the least valuable. It is so considered by every person. The legislator, the judge and the parent, as well as the moralist, all look upon constrained service as of secondary and inferior worth. So far as the moral character is concerned, he who is deterred from vice only by a fear of punishment is little better than he who commits the offence. Indeed he has "already committed it in his heart."

Let us suppose a case of illustration. A parent commands his two sons to perform a certain duty, or abstain from the commission of a certain vice. They both obey to the letter. But it is well known that while one obeyed his father from love—the other was influenced only by a fear of the threatened punishment. One would obey because he loves his father and feels an assurance that he commands nothing but what is right and serviceable to himself. He therefore has no inclination to disobey and would not were there no penalty, no punishment threatened. The other however has no such feelings of respect and affection. He obeys but it is wholly against his will. His heart is fixed on mischief, and were it possible for him to indulge his disposition and escape detection and misery, nothing else in the world should hinder him from gratifying his desires. Now we can see the most evident difference in the moral character of these two sons. One of them is influenced by a filial fear, the other by a slavish fear. I need not say which is the accepted son.

But I shall be asked if the individual who obeys out of fear of punishment is criminal? and if his performance of duty is not good? I answer: he is not criminal for performing his duty or neglecting to indulge in vice. This is well. But he is criminal for listening to improper motives, and acting therefrom. The child is not in fault for obeying the letter of his father's command; but he is in fault for not loving his father and loving to obey him.

But take another case. The laws of both God and man say "thou shalt not steal." Here is an individual who has a great disposition to pilfer. He wishes to take your property. But he hears the law denouncing punishment for theft. He obeys the law, but only because he dreads detection and punishment. And you ask, is he not guiltless? I answer, that so far as the law of man is concerned he is. He has committed no overt act—he has broken no outward law, he has injured you not. But is he guiltless? No. He did not refrain because he loved yourself or God, or because he respected your interests. He has not performed his moral duty. To be sure he has done community no harm. But we are not indebted to his good principles for it. It was only the fear of punishment here or hereafter that prevented him. He is as guilty in his heart as if his hand had done it.

There is one case more. It is not uncommon to hear professed christians making observations like this. If I was a Universalist, that is, if I did not believe in endless misery, no wickedness should be too great for me. I would steal and lie, and rob. I would do every thing, and it would make no difference. I should be saved at last. Now, this is a very foolish saying, and perhaps should be winked at as a sin of ignorance. Perhaps too we should have the charity to believe they say what they know is untrue, or if we must receive the declaration as truth deliberately spoken, we should commiserate their depravity. It is saying plainly that they recognize no motive to virtue but the fear of hell.—Take this away and they are christians no longer; indeed they would not retain the semblance of moral decency. From such christians, "good Lord, deliver us." They forget, or are unhappily ignorant, that the fear of the Lord is to *hate evil*, and that the first command is to love God with the whole heart and their fellow men as themselves.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

AN ESSAY ON THE RESURRECTION.

No. I.

What is man—what the nature and properties of matter and mind, and what the destiny that awaits the human race, are questions that have long occupied the attention and study of Physiologists and Metaphysicians. And though they have delved into the arcana of Nature, and discovered many of her laws and principles of action, yet they have never been able satisfactorily to solve the problem, long since propounded, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The hills of science may be ascended, the luxuriant fields of philosophy explored, and many of the phenomena in nature and providence understood; but the whole sum of knowledge that all may afford, will not develope the mysteries of the untold future; nor dissipate the clouds of darkness that gather thickly around the silent mansions of the dead. True, imagination may carry the mind as with the wings of the morning, far into the measureless wilds of fancy and conjecture; and subtle philosophy, governed much by desire, may presume to unravel the mysticism, and disclose the hidden secret; but a little serious reflection will be sufficient to demonstrate the uncertainty of the conclusions deduced from visionary conceptions, or the fine spun speculations of metaphysical reasonings.

Nature being incapable of imparting the necessary information on the subject of man's destiny, in which he feels so lively an interest; in condecension to the spiritual wants of his benighted offspring, God commissioned his Son, as the harbinger of the desired intelligence, and sent him forth among the inhabitants of earth, to communicate the glad tidings of the gospel, which opens to the understanding the counsel and purposes of God, brings life and immortality to light, and throws around the soul the celestial halo of hope, which promises the halcyon joys of fadeless bliss and unending glory It being the grand and primary object of the great Messenger of Peace, to disclose the appointed destinies of mankind, the doctrine of the resurrection forms the basis of the gospel message; and if we follow the ministering servants of Jesus, who first enlisted in their master's service, through all their various perigrinations for disseminating the principles of the reconciliation, we shall find, that whether by sea or by land, by night or by day, the substance of their proclamation was, "the Lord is risen indeed."

As we reflect on the frailty of human life, the destructible nature of all worldly amusements, pleasures, and enjoyments, and the mutations to which we are subject through all our earthly pilgrimage, what could better serve to fill the "aching void" which such contemplations produce, light up the soul with pleasure and delight, or lull the mind into a calm and tranquil repose. Or what could have a greater tendency, to inspire the heart with devotional feelings and reconcile us to the Providence of God, than the assurance that there is laid up for us a crown of immortality, which shall be given us by the righteous judge at the last day! Every thing in the whole creation of God reminds us of our approaching dissolution. All nature exhibits obvious tokens of decay; and we can but be sensible, that our sun will soon sink to rise no more. And can we but satisfy ourselves, that we are heirs of a blessed immortality; and shall yet smile in eternal youth, and bloom in unfading glory, what heavenly ecstacy and rapturous transport breaks in upon the soul! What unspeakable joys spontaneously flow! What enduring pleasures, that are not our own!

"Blissful anticipation! glorious hope!
Theme on which contemplation loves to dwell,
Hail immortality! thrice happy state,
Hail endless life! desire of every soul,
For thee we pant! Haste on ye loitering years,
And let that bright, that glorious morning come,
When freed from sorrow, pain, disease, and death,
And (happiest change of all) *redeemed from sin*
And constituted children of our God.
Mankind now sensual, weak, inglorious,
Mortal, corruptible, and earthly, shall
Be raised immortal, incorruptible,
Heavenly, spiritual, powerful, clad in robes
Of glory, shining like our risen Lord
Above the brightness of the mid-day sun.
Transporting hope! let angels hymn praises,
And earth become vocal with songs of joy."

Such are the impressions and emotions of that soul, whose anchor is the prospect of eternal peace; whose hold's on heaven—whose trust is

in the promises of the gospel. But let the cold chilling thought come across the mind, that

"Death's one eternal, unawakened sleep,"

and what horror—what melancholy gloom—what black despair, must prey upon the soul, that is seeking permanent good, and ever entertaining a secret dread of falling into nought.—"Raving around her clayey tenement, she shrieks for help, but shrieks in vain." With anxious thought she looks upon the world, no longer hers—and in agony of heart exclaims, "Why was I called into being, but to become the sport of misfortune, and the wreck of disappointed hopes! Why am I here, cast upon the sea of uncertainty, to be tossed upon the merciless and tempestuous waves of sorrow and affliction for a moment; then to be engulphed in the stealthy waters of oblivion? Why has my Maker cursed me with desires that are never to be gratified? Or what is infinitely worse, let imagination conceive the idea, that intelligent beings are to be awakened from the unconscious slumbers of the tomb, but to experience endless pain; and it would be impossible for language to describe the state of feeling produced by such prospective misery. In anticipation of the dire calamity, the hollow voice of DESPAIR would be heard, in plaintive cries, pouring forth her groans of anguish and distress.

"Father of mercies! why from silent earth
Didst thou awake and curse me into birth?
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night?
And make a thankless present of thy light?
Push into being a reverse of Thee,
And animate a clod with misery?
Why burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
Ah! cruel death! that would no longer save,
But grudged me e'en that narrow dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God;
Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight
Must all those powers Heaven gave me to supply
My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?
And shall my voice ordained on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of Hell?
O must I look with terror on my gain,
And with existence only measure pain?
What? no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
No beam of hope from any point of Heaven!
Ah! Mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
Is Love extinguished in the source of love?
Ah! shall our torments be forever strong,
Our constitution too forever young,
Cursed with returns of vigor, still the same,
Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame!
Still to be caught, and still to be pursued,
To perish still, and still to be renewed!!
And this my Help, my God, at thy decree?
Nature is changed, and Hell should succor me.
And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
Calling thee Father, in a sea of fire?
Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?
With mortal's anguish wilt thou raise thy name?
And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim!"

That any person should have indulged the idea that the glad tidings of the gospel, containing the proclamation of "peace on earth and good will to man," are fraught with such unwelcome news as are expressed in the doctrines of endless damnation and death, may appear somewhat singular to many of my readers. By what moral process, or strange infatuation of mind, the conclusion was first drawn, that a good God would intentionally become the author of infinite evil, is not very readily ascertained, neither is it necessary for us here to inquire. As such impressions have been engendered, and such notions imbibed, it is for the purpose of eradicating this foul sentiment from the mind, and preparing the heart for the exercise of grateful sensations and pure feelings of devotion that this essay is written.

L. L. S.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

STRANGE THINGS.

It is strange that a God of infinite Wisdom, Goodness, Justice and Mercy should bring countless millions of rational creatures into existence, capable of immortal happiness, and of glorifying him through eternity for his goodness; yet should desire, and doom them to eternal sin and misery, before they were born, or before they had ever done either good or evil. Or, it is equally strange that a God of infinite Power should sincerely will or desire the salvation of all men, and yet not be able to save all men; and if he does will the salvation of all men and yet cannot save all men, it is strange how he can be a happy being. Moreover, if God does will the salvation of all men, and yet all men are not saved, it is strange how he could have spoken the truth, when he said: "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

It is strange if any of the human race are foreordained to endless misery, how they were ever under any obligations to their Maker; and if they never were under any obligations to Him, it is strange how they could ever sin against him.

It is strange if God is a good Father to all his children, that he should ever punish the most rebellious of them to endless duration.

It is strange how a good man in heaven can ever be happy, while he sees or knows one of his fellow creatures is in misery without relief and without end. Or, if there are no feelings of compassion in heaven, it is strange that heaven should be so much like hell.

If endless punishment is true, it is strange that Cain was never threatened with it—it is strange the multitudes destroyed by the flood were never threatened with it—it is strange the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were not threatened with it—that Pharaoh was not threatened with it—it is strange that Moses knew nothing about it; or if he did know about it, it is strange he never said any thing about it. It is strange the prophets knew nothing of it, or if they knew about it, that they never warned men of it. If endless punishment is true of a great or the greater part of mankind, it is strange that the angel should, at the advent of our Savior, have said, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," and that the heavenly host should have sung "Peace on earth good will towards men," for on supposition of its truth, they were not only mistaken in the burden of their song, but the tidings were the most dreadful of any which ever reached this earth—a thousand times more dreadful than if the messenger had been that of universal annihilation. Gloomy, distressing and absurd, as are the doctrines of atheism, they are not so much so as orthodoxy.

It is strange, if endless punishment is true that our Savior should have shown so much more feeling for the temporary sufferings of men than for their future, eternal condition; for we hear him say, "I have compassion on the multitude for they have nothing to eat," we see him weeping at the grave of Lazarus, we see his tears flowing at the prospect of the destruction of Jerusalem, but we no where find that he ever heaved a sigh, or shed a tear, under a view that men were exposed to endless misery.

It is strange that the place called Tophet or Gehenna, should in the Old Testament be merely an emblem of temporary punishment in this world, and in the New Testament an emblem of endless punishment in another world. And it is equally strange, if the word was used in any part of the New Testament as an emblem of punishmnt in another world, that John in his gospel should have said nothing about it, and that the apostles in all their preaching and writings were equally silent about it.

It is strange that the word everlasting, when applied to punishment, should in the Old Testament mean nothing more than temporary punishment in this world, yet the same word so applied, should in the New Testament mean endless duration of punishment in another world.

It is strange if Sheol, translated hell, or grave, be what orthodoxy asserts, the focus of the divine wrath, that Job should pray to be sent there, to be hid from the wrath he experienced in the present world.

It is strange that the preachers of the New Divinity, should teach, that men who are totally depraved can change their own hearts and become holy without the aid of divine grace.

It is strange that they should teach how easy it is for men to save themselves, or to be saved in any way, who are from eternity decreed to endless misery.

It is strange that they should assert that God never helps any, unless they will first help themselves.

It is strange if they believe as they say, that six hundred dollars may make a minister, and that a minister "may be the means of peopling whole provinces in heaven," and saving millions from an eternal hell, that they should spend in needless extravagance twice six hundred dollars in every year of their lives. At whose hands will the blood of these millions be required? We should think that instead of being clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, they should take their staff in their hand, clothed in sackcloth with a leathern girdle about their loins, and be content to live upon bread and water.

It is strange that those who profess such anxiety for the salvation of their fellow creatures; who so fervently pray that God would be merciful to all, should show such a mortal spite at those who believe that God will be merciful to all. But to those who thus suffer from this malignant spirit, we say, Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so, and for the same cause, persecuted they your Savior before you. G.

Southold, May 10th.

LECTURE SERMONS.

Br. L. F. W. Andrews, late Editor of the Religious Inquirer, proposes publishing by subscription a series of *original Lecture Sermons*, in defence of the doctrine of Universal Salvation, comprising the following subjects:

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L. F. W. ANDREWS.

The first Sermon will probably be issued early in June. Subscriptions received at this office.

GRANDEUR OF ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.—Wirt.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May, and my sweet child, my Rosaline and I had sauntered up to the castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament that glowed and sparkled with unusual lustre from pole to pole. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state of vision; the milkyway was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant, or distant and faint, lent its lambent light or twinkling ray, to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere: while the round moon (so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible even the rotundity of her form) seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time in observing through a telescope the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty with his squadron of satellites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars; and admired the felicity of that design, by which those distant bodies had been parcelled out and arranged into constellations, so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigator, but as it were for land marks to astronomers of this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease the place and motion of these planets, comets, and magnificent meteors which inhabit, revolve and play in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; or that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display, in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries, which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend: that thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve; that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangels of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original, and not reflected light, placed at an incalculable distance asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmament, or which the telescope has brought within the sphere of our vision, but, according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with velocity a millions times greater than that of a cannon ball; that these luminous appearances which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin, white clouds, are windowa, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings.

One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprize of human imagination. But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Dr. Herschel superadd when, instead of supposing all these suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander unknown centre somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—and when carrying on the process, you suppose that centre itself not stationary, but also counterpoised by other massess in the immensity of space with which, attended by their accumulated trains of

"Planets, Suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,"

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding in its vast career, some other centre still more remote and stupendous, which in its turn—"You overwhelm me," cried Rosaline, as I was laboring to pursue the immense concatenation;—"my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing." Yet there *is* a point, my dear Rosaline—the throne of the Most High. Imagine *that* the ultimate centre, to which this vast and inconceivably magnificent apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll in their orbits, continually hymn their Creator's praise.

AN EXTRACT.

Life is a pursuit. The moralists, who utter their heathenish oracles in the common-place complaints of a heathenish discontent, tell us that we are born but to pursue, and pursue but to be deceived. They say, that man in his career after earthly honors, is like the child that chases the gaudy insect; the pursuit idle; the object worthless. They tell us, that it is but a deceitful though a deceptive star, which beams from the summit of the distant hill; advance, and its light recedes; ascend, and a higher hill is seen beyond, and a wider space is yet to be traversed. And they tell us, that this is vanity: this the worthlessness of human desire; this the misery and desolation of the human heart! But how little do they know of the throbbings of that heart!—How poorly have they studied the secrets of the human breast! How imperfectly do they understand the feebleness and the strength of man's fortitude and will! If the bright object still gleams in the horizon, if the brilliancy of glory is still spread on the remotest hill, if the distant sky is still invested with the delicate hues of promise, and the gentle radiance of hope, pursuit remains a pleasure, and the pilgrim, ever light hearted, passes heedlessly over the barren wastes; and climbs with cheerful ardor each rugged mountain. But suppose that brilliant star to be blotted out of the sky; suppose the lustre of the horizon to have faded into the dark and gloomy shades of a cloudy evening; suppose the pursuit to be now without an object, and the blood which hope had sent merrily through the veins to gather and curdle round the desponding heart: then it is, that life is abandoned to persecuting fiends, and the springs of joy are poisoned by the demons of listlessness.

The scholar and the christian have their guarantees against despair. The desire for intelligence is never satisfied, but with the attainment of that wisdom which passes all understanding; and the eye discerning the bright lineaments of its perfect exemplar, can set no limits to the sacred passion, which recognizes the connexion of the human mind with the divine, and places before itself a career of advancement, to which time itself can never prescribe bounds. But it is not with these high questions that we are at present engaged. We have thrown open the book of human life; we are to read there of this world and its littleness, of the springs of present action, of the relief of present restlessness.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

This merits our attention. From it we are constantly deriving the fruits of divine goodness—from it we experience the expressions of the care and kindness of the great Jehovah in blessings new every morning, and fresh every evening—blessings requisite to sustain the existence—to meet the wants and further the happiness of mankind; nothing is there needful to promote the real welfare of the creature, for which a kind and indulgent Providence does not graciously provide. He therefore who 'eats and drinks and rises up to play,' regardless of Him from whom all blessings flow—he who can live in this world, and not witness, feel, and confess the mighty footsteps of a gracious God, stands before the world a monument of insensibility—deaf to ten thousand voices of joy and gladness re-iterating the benevolence of the Almighty—blind to the beauties of nature's fair picture, reflecting the wisdom of that supernatural hand, which formed all its glories, and spread them before us, that all might see a Father and a Friend, ever mindful of his children's wants. But he who *does* cultivate a contemplative mind—who loves to peruse the book of nature—to scan the works and ways of the blessed Creator—*he* beholds that Almighty being, upholding and directing the movements of systems, millions upon millions, bending himself, in infinite condescension, to feed the falling sparrow—to clothe the lily fresh and fragrant—and to supply the innumerable wants of sinful, ungrateful man—and when he lives, moves or has a being, in the fulness of his soul he feels to exclaim, lo! God is here; here to create—here to preserve, and here to bless. Such an one is alive to joys to which the thoughtless worlding is a stranger. Borne upon the wings of contemplation, oft does his mind gaze 'through nature up to nature's God.' With gratitude and admiration he pours out the effusions of his elevated spirit, a willing tribute to the great Invisible.

ON PULPIT ZEAL.

No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds back again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will growl even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skilfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted: he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of a truth. he gives them up as reprobates, incorrigible, and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and endeavor calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not therefore easy to conceive, on what ground a minister can justify a conduct, which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him, if he were not himself deluded.—*Cowper.*

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

EDITED BY T. J. SAWYER AND P. PRICE.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1832.

REMOVAL.

The office of the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER is removed to 85 1-2 Bowery, a few doors from Hester-street.

May 5, 1832.

UNIVERSALIST EXPOSITOR.

Number 12 of this periodical has just been received. This completes the 2d volume, which, we are happy to say, has been sustained with an ability fully equal to that of the first. We can not but regard the work as highly honorable, both to our denomination, and the Editors and Publishers. The Expositor thus far has been such as the Universalist community needs. Its articles, with but few exceptions, have been of general and permanent interest.

We are aware that some think a work of the kind before us superfluous, that our various and valuable weekly publications are quite sufficient to meet all the wants of the religious public, and consequently, that this does not need encouragement and support. Such opinions must arise from a narrow view of the subject, and false apprehensions of the objects and character of the Expositor. This and our other publications have spheres of usefulness entirely distinct, and he who reads one is not less profited by a perusal of the other.

The work, notwithstanding its high claims upon the Universalist public, has hitherto labored, like almost every other periodical at its commencement, under the pressures and discouragements occasioned by an inadequate patronage. We must very much err, however, in our estimate of the liberality and the reading character of our denomination, if the Expositor is suffered now, when its reputation is so well established wherever it is known, to languish for want of support. We are highly gratified to learn that the work will be continued without any abatement in the exertions to render it useful, and without, so far as we are apprised, any alteration in its conditions. And we take pleasure in recommending it to the attention and countenance of our subscribers and friends.

The Universalist Expositor is published in Numbers, stitched in covers, containing 64 octavo pages each, on the first of every month, at *two dollars* per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number.

Subscriptions received at this office.

A BELIEF IN ENDLESS MISERY REMARKABLE.

It is among the wonders of the present age, that so general a belief obtains of the unmerciful doctrine of future and never-ending wo. We are sometimes at a loss, whether to account for it by a reference to the depravity of the times, or by a consideration of the influence of fashion and pride. That the doctrine of endless misery should have existed among the early christians, many of whom had but just come from the pagan temple, and "the worship of devils," is far from surprising. That it should have flourished in the dark ages, and have found aliment in the universal ignorance and vice that pervaded the world, is but a natural inference. For what was Christianity in theory then, except a mass of unintelligible dogmas, offered not as a rational system of religious faith, but to be believed on peril of endless damnation? And what was it in practice, but a round of senseless ceremonies, ridiculous austerities, and persecutions, cruelty and blood? Under such circumstances, we might expect, as was the fact, that the doctrine of endless misery would hold a prominent rank, and exert a powerful influence. It was congenial to the spirit of the age. It was worthy of the times, and we may add, of such times only.

When in the Reformation, so much boasted in Protestant history, the spell of papal authority was broken, and the promise of a brighter day was given to the religious world, we might, perhaps, have reasonably anticipated, that a doctrine, so revolting to every better feeling of the human heart, would like others less deserving of oblivion, have shared its merited fate, and been consigned to forgetfulness, or if it were ever to be remembered, remembered as a dishonor heaped upon Christianity and its Divine Author, and a curse to mankind. It is no disparagement to the Reformers that they did not effect every thing. They did much, but the work of Reformation under them was only *commenced*. Yet strange as it may seem, Protestants since their day, have with few exceptions confined themselves within the narrow limits prescribed by Luther and Calvin with the slight modifications of Arminius. Pertinaciously have they adhered to the apparent determination to see no more than they saw, and believe no more than they believed. As the doctrine of endless misery was popular with them, so also it is popular with their followers.

It is seldom thought how incongruous this doctrine is with the spirit of the present age—an age distinguished for its freedom, its liberal sentiments, its generous philanthropy and its benovolent enterprize. It is seldom thought while Christendom is awaking from its slumber of centuries to a proper sense of its privileges and its duties, one single dogma bequeathed them by pagan or papal Rome, and transmitted through the mists of the dark ages and the convulsions of the Reformation, now sits like an incubus upon its bosom and paralyzes every noble and generous exertion. It is seldom thought, while we are sending "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" to the perishing heathen that it goes accompanied with one doctrine not less awful nor less destructive to human happiness than the darkest of heathen superstitions.

It is not to be doubted that much has been done during the last two centuries in refining and humanizing the feelings of mankind. And yet it seems to us that much remains to be done. The genuine spirit of the christian religion has been gradually developing. Better conceptions of God, and more worthy, as they are wider, views of his religion are manifestly gaining ground. But are they not yet imperfect? And must they not remain imperfect so long as the doctrine of endless misery is retained in the christian faith? S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOK.

We have just received through the politeness of the Publisher, a little work entitled, "PRIMARY QUESTIONS *on select portions of Scripture, designed for Sabbath Schools.* By CHARLES HUDSON, *Pastor of the Restorationist Society, Westminster, Mass.*"

It is gratifying to observe the increased attention given to Sunday Schools. We know they are liable to be abused to sectarian and proselyting purposes. Br. Hudson justly remarks; "If these schools are properly conducted, they will prove of immense advantage to the cause of christian piety and virtue; and no objection can be made to them, which does not lie equally against reading the Scriptures or preaching the gospel." Again, he asks, "Can children be taught too early that there is a God of boundless perfection, and that we are indebted to him for every blessing we enjoy? Can they be taught too soon that religion requires them to obey their parents, and love one another? Surely the danger lies on the other hand."

We have given the work only a cursory perusal, but think its arrangement good and its matter interesting and valuable. One or two things only, so far as we have observed, are to be regarded as exceptions. The author in treating on the Jewish Sabbath seems to us to confound it with *the first day of the week* for which we believe the Scriptures afford no warrant. He also refers to Hebrews ix, 27, as proof of a judgment in the future and immortal state. Whether the doctrine of such a judgment be true or not, we could never adduce this passage in its affirmation, since we believe it to have no reference whatever to such a state. Upon the whole however we think the work well executed and calculated to promote the love of God and the practice of virtue, and as such commend it to our friends. S.

A respected ministering Brother writes us from Connecticut, under date of the 7th inst. as follows.

"Agreeable to appointment, we held our first Conference at Litchfield on the 27th and 28th ult. Whether by design or accident one of those fashionable convocations called "protracted meetings," was held at the same time, in the Congregational Church of that village. Some of their prominent speakers were in attendance to give weight and interest to the performance.

Notwithstanding the opposition, we undauntedly proclaimed our message to a respectable auditory, and have reason to believe not altogether in vain. Three lectures were delivered on Thursday and the same number on Friday—besides a concluding one on Friday evening by Br. F. after Br. S. and myself left. We had the use of the Court House, and are assured that we can again have it, although much to the dissatisfaction of some of our opposing brethren, who applied, as we were informed, to the Sheriff of the County to have our *lights* extinguished during our Thursday evening lecture, and us expelled the building! The Sheriff had too much sense however to comply with so unreasonable a request, if made to him—and we were undisturbed in the promulgation of the glorious doctrine that

"God is good unto *all*, and that his tender mercies are over *all* his works." What the effect will be we know not. The seed has been sown, although in an unpromising soil. May the Lord of the harvest "give the increase" to the fullness of a "hundred fold." A friend from that quarter informed me a few days since, that our opponents had done nothing by their late meeting in the way of *proselyting*. Thanks to the Father of mercies, even the project of Mr. Ludlow of your city, which was announced some short time ago in Litchfield, of a "*rail road* from *hell*, or a *canal* filled with the tears of the *damned*," has as yet caused no *maniacs* or cases of fatality, as far as I have learned." L. F. W. A.

SINGING SCHOOL.

With pleasure we acquaint our friends who attend at the Orchard-street Church that arrangements were made on Tuesday evening last for opening a Singing School. Mr. DEMEREST, an experienced Teacher, known probably to many of our readers, has been engaged, and will commence his instructions immediately. The School will be held in the Lecture Room of the Orchard-street Church, every Tuesday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. We should not be indifferent to the character of so important a part of public worship as music, and we doubt not every facility and encouragement will be rendered the School in question, as well by those who have only the general prosperity of the Society at heart, as by those who may wish to enter as scholars. It is particularly desired, that all who intend joining the School, would be present on Tuesday evening next, if possible. No admissions as scholars can be had after the first or second evenings, as it will derange the order of lessons. We hope there will be a general attendance on Tuesday evening next of those disposed to encourage it. P.

We understand that the Rev. C. G. Finney, Pastor at the Chatham-street Chapel, has already commenced his philippics against Universalism. It would give us pleasure to see our Limitarian friends adopt a different policy, and preach and write against Universalism where Universalists would be likely to hear and read, and have an opportunity to reply. Should Mr. Finney, or any other clergyman of the city be disposed to furnish articles, written in candor and a christian spirit, against Universalism—a doctrine which he regards so heretical and dangerous, we promise to lay them before our readers. We love not angry controversy or bitter invective, but we think we love truth, and are willing to receive it, come whence it may. S.

We make the following extract from a late communication from a valued friend in Pennsylvania.

The gospel has nothing to do with the civil law. "My kingdom," says Jesus, "is not of this world." The Philanthropist will feel, and deeply feel, for the misery of those who are driven into distraction, in consequence of the four days' and continued revival meetings. But the extreme folly and wickedness of the measure carries its antidote along with it. And I am one who believes that it will end in promoting the pure principles of the gospel, to a much greater extent, than it will benefit the object of those, who are compassing sea and land to make proselytes to partial systems. I know that these violent measures have made many Universalists in this country. It causes people to reflect, and ask themselves, *is this religion?* It leads them to the Bible for inquiry. And those who go to that book to solve this question, you may be sure will find an answer that will not benefit the revival schemes. It appears sometimes to be a truth that "whom the Lord will destroy, he first makes mad." If ever a set of beings were mad, it is the zealous leaders of revivals. And their proceedings will stand recorded in future history, as a match for the times of the Salem Witchcraft. But should we stand as quiet, unconcerned spectators? *I say, Nay.* Let us *preach*, and *write*, and *talk* against it, all in our power; but never apply to the civil law to put it down. We should be patient, but yet persevering, and leave the result with the good sense of the people, and to the superintendence of that Providence, *who will bring good out of evil.* J. K.

DEDICATION.

We learn by the Boston Trumpet, that the new and elegant meeting house, recently erected by the Universalist society in Reading, Pa. was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, on Sunday, April 22d. Sermon by Br. Robinson, formerly of Woonsocket Falls, R. I. The Pioneer and Visitor states that the doctrine of God's unlimited grace was proclaimed in Reading nineteen months ago for the first time. The house just completed is commodious and elegant, and their society, in respectability and numbers, is exceeded by few in our connexion.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GOD THE SALVATION OF HIS PEOPLE. The author has politely favored us with a copy of "A Discourse delivered in the First Universalist Church in the city of Hudson, November 27th 1831. By Thomas J. Whitcomb Pastor." Text. Isa. lxi, 10, 11. We make the following extract, which is all our present limits will permit. The Sermon may be had at this Office.

"But we must pass to notice why we will rejoice in the Lord and joy in the God of our salvation.

1. Because he is good.

'For God is good,' saith the Psalmist, 'his mercy is everlasting; his truth endureth to all generations—The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the Isles be glad thereof.' But why should the Christian minister rejoice? Because his message is a message of peace—he comes to proclaim good tidings of good things—'glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people'—he is sent to communicate 'peace to them which are afar off and to those which are nigh.' It is his business to point the weary, way-worn traveller to that fountain, which is open to Judah and Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness; to lead the famishing multitude beside the still waters of salvation: to bid them drink at that fountain, which shall be in them a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and of which, if a man drink he shall never thirst. Hence he can rejoice that, although all do not now partake of those waters and feed on the bread of life, the hidden manna from heaven; although he does not yet see all things put under Christ, he knows they shall be, as the Father hath declared, that 'he hath given him power over all flesh, that he might give eternal life to as many as he has given him;' and Jesus says, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' God's goodness, therefore, we declare to be unsearchable, broader than heaven—deeper than hell. Hence the Psalmist further exclaims, 'whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou are there: If I make my bed in hell (or sheol) behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.'

THE END OF THE WORLD.—We have just received from the respected author, "A Lecture Sermon delivered before the First Universalist Society in Hartford, Conn. April 1st, 1832, by M. H. Smith, pastor." It is the design of this discourse to present a just exposition of *the parable of the net* found Matt. xiii, 47--50. The following introductory remarks we extract because we think them correct and not frequently enough urged upon the attention of the community:

"At the present day, many controversies convulse the religious world, which are of small importance, when compared with those subjects upon which little is said. The doctrine of the Trinity is so much the subject of controversy, that a distinct denomination has been formed, who are distinguished for their belief in ONE GOD. Though it may be worthy of our attention to investigate this subject, as far as we are able; and to free the religion of Jesus from all the corruptions of men; yet in our opinion, all this is of minor importance, when compared with that solemn question, "Are men to BE saved; or must they become the subjects of interminable wo? Shall the whole human family be restored; or must those tender sympathies that now bind us together, be forever severed, and eternal pain be the portion of any, who bear the image of God?"—This is a subject not to be trifled with. The question. Does the Bible teach the doctrine of endless misery, or universal salvation, must be answered. Nor will the enquiring mind be hushed by that timid policy, which, like Balaam of old, would have us neither blessed nor cursed.

Our opponents are of opinion, that if our doctrine is in error, it is a fatal one; but we contend that if it is truth, it is a grand, a glorious truth. Therefore we cannot do too much, in bringing to view the arguments which support it. If those who differ from us in opinion view us in an error, they cannot too soon take us by the hand, and lead us into the right way. And if they wish to save us from the consequences of our faith, they must not expect to accomplish it, by shunning investigation---by calling us infidels, and branding us with deism. They must not expect to accomplish it, by misrepresenting our sentiments, or representing us as enemies to morality and religion. No; they must show us that the interpretations we give of the Bible are false: they must show that those passages on which they rely for support, are not of a temporal nature. When this is done, they will do something towards opposing Universalism."

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

STATE CONVENTION.

Several ministering brethren and lay delegates assembled agreeably to previous notice, at the usual place of meeting of the Universalists, in New-Haven, Conn. on Wednesday, May 9, 1832, at 9 o'clock, A. M. After uniting in prayer, with Br. M. H. Smith, of Hartford, the Council was organized, by choosing Hon. N. Darling, *Moderator*, and Br. T. Fisk, *Clerk*.

On Motion, Hon. N. Darling, N. Ruggles, and Dr. J. Harrison, were chosen a Committee to make arrangements for the public services of the occasion. Adjourned.

Met at 2 o'clock, P. M. according to adjournment. Prayer by Br. Andrews.

Resolved, That the Ministers and brethren present, do deem it expedient to form a Universalist Convention for the State of Connecticut.

Resolved, That we do now form ourselves into such a Convention.

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed to draft a Constitution, and report at the next meeting of this body. Hon. N. Darling, Brs. T. Fisk and M. H. Smith, were chosen that Committee.

Br. John Boyden, Jr. was chosen Standing *Clerk of the Convention.*

On Motion of Br. R. Smith, *Resolved*, That this Convention recommend to the notice and support of their brethren generally, the publication of a series of sermons issued monthly, by G. W. Kappell, of Hartford, as a cheap and effectual method of giving support to the doctrine, in advocacy of which we are engaged. Adjourned.

Thursday, May 10. 8 *o'clock, A. M.*

Met according to adjournment. Prayer by Br. Boyden

Brs. M. H. Smith and J. Boyden, were chosen Delegates to the General Convention, to meet in Concord, N. H. in September next.

On Motion of Br. Andrews, the First Universalist Society of Torrington, the First Universalist Society of South-Canton, the First Universalist Society of Glastenbury, and the Universalist Society of Norwich, were addmitted to the fellowship of this Convention

On Motion of Br. Andrews, the following Preamble and Resolution were unanimously adopted.

Believing that the system of *Circuit Preaching*, is one of the means best calculated to diffuse a knowledge of our religious faith in the community, and to supply with regular ministrations of the Gospel, those of our friends who have no other opportunity of hearing the Truth, *as we believe it*. Therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Convention, that our destitute brethren in various sections of this state, who are desirous of enjoying statedly the "preached word," be recommended to take *immediate* measures to be embraced within a *circuit* of the character, and for the object above proposed, and to communicate their wishes on the subject to the Stated Clerk of this Convention, prior to its next meeting, with a view to some definite arrangements being made under the sanction of this Convention, to carry the object into full effect. [It is expected that a circuit will be established forthwith, if such is the wish of our friends in destitute neighborhoods.]

Resolved, on Motion of Br. Boyden, That when this Convention shall adjourn, it shall adjourn to meet at Berlin, Con.

Resolved, That Br. Andrews be appointed to prepare the minutes of this Convention, and accompany the same with a Circular Letter, and that they be published in all the papers friendly to our cause.

Resolved, That this Convention be now adjourned, to meet the second Wednesday in October next. Meeting closed with prayer by Br. R. Smith.

The following towns were represented in Council:—Lebanon, Norwich, New-London, Cheshire, Hamden, Glastenbury, Torrington, Winchester, Danbury, Bridgeport, Berlin, Hartford, Columbia, Union, Meriden, Stafford, Coventry, Bozrah, Woodbridge, Norwalk, Oxford, Monroe, Sterling, Voluntown, Columbia, Granby, South-Canton and Willington.

Order of Public Services.

Wednesday morning—Introductory prayer by Br. R. Smith—Sermon by Br. L. F. W. Andrews, from 2 Peter ii, 1, 2: *But there were false Prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord who bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of.*" Concluding prayer by Br. M. H. Smith.

Afternoon.—Introductory prayer by Br. T. Fisk.—Sermon by Br. R. Smith, from James i, 15.—"*Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death.*" Concluding prayer by Br. J. Boyden, jr.

Evening.—Prayer by Br. Andrews. Sermon by Br. M. H. Smith, 1. Tim. iv, 10.—"*For therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, specially those who believe.*" Benediction by Br. M. H. Smith.

☞ The Circular Letter next week.

*** We acknowledge the receipt of four Nos. of "*An Essay on the Resurrection,*" by our esteemed correspondent, "L. L. S." The first we insert this week, on our 2d and 3d pages. The others will appear in order.

MARRIED,

In this city on the 15th inst. by the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. Jonas Wade and Miss Margaret Hutchinson.

In this city on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Edward Mitchell, Fenno Downer, M. D. and Mrs. Sarah Ann Merrell.

DIED,

In Farmington, of consumption, Mr. Richard Rice, Jr. aged 35 years His remains were followed to the tomb by a large concourse of people. He lived as he died, in a strong belief of Universal Salvation. Death presented to his view no terrors---he looked forward with calm resignation to the hourly expected change---and when the hour arrived for his exit from amid this vale of tears he closed his eyes in transport of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.---*Sandy River Yeoman.*

In Eddington, 25th January last, Arthur Rich, aged 54. He died in the firm belief of the final salvation of all mankind from sin and death.—*Christ. Intel.*

At Hanover, N. H. Mrs. Lydia, wife of David Wright, aged 71. It is due to the memory of this Mother in Israel to say, she died in the firm and unshaken hope of the final holiness and consequent happiness of all mankind. In early life she had embraced the Calvinistic sentiment, and was attached to a church of that order, but for some years previous to her death, she was led to doubt the truth of the doctrine of *endless misery*, and soon discovered such abundant proof in the *sacred scriptures* of the doctrine of the salvation of *all men*, that she embraced it to the joy of her heart, and during her very distressing sickness, she derived unspeakable support from its influence.—*Watchman.*

At Lebanon, N. H. April 26, Mrs. Parthena Whittemore, aged 26, in the calm possession of her reason to the last, and with that confidence in God which characterizes those who believe in the impartial kindness and protection of heaven.—*Ib.*

In Windsor, Vt. March 26, Mr. Nathan Perkins, aged 75. Mr. P. was a firm believer in the final restoration, and association of all mankind with Jesus Christ in realms of glory. His faith was grounded upon the immutuable promises of Jehovah drawn from his sacred word which he had diligently searched for many years.—*Ib.*

In East Bloomfield, N. Y. on the 27th ult. Mr. Darius Carter, aged 59 years; one of the oldest, and at the same time one of the most efficient members of the Universalist society in that town.

LETTERS AND REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, ending May 16th.

W. D. Camptown, N. J. $2; J. S. Beekman, N. Y. $2; J. H. Lowville, N. Y. $2; W. W. D. for T. T. Fredonia, N. Y. $2; L. L. S. Le Roy, 3 letters; J. H. W. Mamaroneck, $2; J. B. F. New-Rochelle, $2; R. C. F. Cairo, N. Y. $2; M. C. and L. Boston.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Br. B. B. Hallock will preach at Peekskill, on Sunday, 27th of May. A Lecture could be given there on Saturday evening if desired. Our friends will make the requisite arrangements.

PROPOSALS

For publishing the Third Volume (New Series) of

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE,

AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

Grateful for the approbation and the increased patronage conferred on the Magazine and Advocate, and conscious of the continued necessity and increasing usefulness of such a work, its Publisher has entered on another volume, which commenced in January, 1832.

As the future may be judged of by the past, we deem it sufficient to say that we will continue to advocate the doctrine of God's universal and impartial grace, and the final reconciliation of all intelligences to their heavenly Parent; and to defend the religious rights of all men against every attack whatever.

The Magazine and Advocate will contain practical, doctrinal, and Moral Sermons and Essays—explanations and illustrations of Scripture—proceedings of Universalist Conventions and Associations—notices of New Societies, Ordinations, Dedications, and religious intelligence generally—Hymenial and Obituary notices—Poetry and Miscellany. It will also admit, for review and examination, well written articles controverting the doctrine we profess, and will endeavor candidly to "prove all things, and hold fast *that which is good.*"

We will freely and fearlessly ferret out and expose every ecclesiastical attempt to control the State or National Governments—to procure the passage of laws favoring one sect in preference to another—to exclude men from or elevate them to, office or power, merely on account of their religious opinions—or, in short, any sectarian plans or practices which may infringe on the rights of conscience, the good of society, or the prosperity of our free institutions.

CONDITIONS.

The Magazine and Advocate is published every Saturday, on fine white paper and fair type, in a neat quarto form, each number containing eight pages—the volume four hundred and sixteen—with a complete Index at the close of the year.

Price $1,50 per annum, *in advance*, or $2 if not paid within three months from the time the first number is received. Agents, or companies, paying for *eight* copies, will be allowed the *ninth* copy *gratis;* and so in proportion for a larger number.

Agents—Universalist ministers in good standing, Post Masters, and responsible men friendly to the work, and disposed to assist in extending its usefulness.

☞ All communications to the Editors must be *free of postage.*

*** Names of new subscribers must be returned to the Publisher at Utica.

D SKINNER, *Publisher and Editor.*

A. B. GROSH, *Associate Editor.*

UNIVERSALIST BOOKS,

Of every description that can be obtained in the United States, are kept constantly for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices, at the Trumpet Office, 40 Cornhill, Boston.—Among these are Ancient and Modern Histories of Universalism—Balfour's Works in full—Ballou's Works—Smith on Divine Government—Whittemore on the Parables—Petitpierre on Divine Goodness, Winchester's Dialogues, &c. &c. Tracts. A Sermon on the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, another on that of the Sheep and Goats. Counterpart to the famous orthodox Tract, called the Strange Thing, which is strange enough surely. One hundred Arguments for Universalism. The proprietor of the Trumpet Office has taken measures to be supplied with a full assortment of all the Universalist Works, published in the United States and in England. T. WHITTEMORE.

Boston, April 2, 1832.

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK—A SCENE.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart has ceased to beat, oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

SCENE—*A Room in an Italian Cottage. The lattice opening upon a landscape at sunset.*

FRANCESCO—TERESA.

TERESA.

The fever hue hath left thy cheek, beloved!
Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more. Wilt thou look forth?
Now, while the sunset with low streaming light—
The light thou lov'st—hath made the chesnut stems
All burning bronze, the lake one sea of gold!
Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On this true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With vesper hymns?

FRANCESCO.

No, gentlest love! not now:
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee! Doth the light sleep
So gently on the lake? and are the stems
Of our own chesnuts by that alchymy
So richly changed?—and is the orange-scent
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa! not to thee,
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet awhile
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery!—one last work!
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affection and undying hope,
All that is in me for eternity,
All, all, in that memorial.

TERESA.

Oh! what dream
Is this, mine own Francesco? Waste thou not
Thy scarce returning strength; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute;—dear friend!
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

FRANCESCO.

Yes! the unseen land
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence. Oh! be thou not deceived,
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa!
I must, *must* leave thee! Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle!

TERESA.

Oh, Francesco!
What will this dim world be to me, Francesco,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?
How can we part? We that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief—
By tears—by prayer?

FRANCESCO.

Ev'n *therefore* we can part,
With an immortal trust, that such high love
Is not of things to perish.
Let me leave
One record still, to prove it strong as death,
Ev'n in Death's hour of triumph. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,
As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep;
And I will give the bending flower-like grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. There—thy head
Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,
And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!
Oh! the quick glancing radiance, and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles,
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
Unto the Canvass—I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbreathed! My faithful one
What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no vice
To greet the heavenly spirit—that drives back
All Birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turn'd away
From its keen soulless air, and in *thy* heart,
Found ever the sweet fountain of response,
To quench my thirst for home!

The dear work grows
Beneath my hand—the last! Each faintest line
With measured memories fraught. Oh! weep thou not
Too long, too bitterly, when I depart!
Surely a bright home waits us both—for I,
In all my dreams, have turn'd me not from God;
And thou—oh! best and purest! stand thou there;
There, in thy hallow'd beauty, shadowing forth
The loveliness of love!

*Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake.

POETRY.—CHANNING.

We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness, or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections that spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's etherial essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life.

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